

THE **GLEANER**



FOOTBALL ISSUE
December, 1942

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THE GLEANER

A publication arranged and edited by the students of
THE NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL
FARM SCHOOL, PA.



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Editorial

The newly shaped Gleaner has generally been accepted with recognition which was expressed through approval as well as through criticism.

We, of the staff, accept both gratefully, the encouraging approval and the constructive criticism. To us, both will serve as a stimulant to do better. They will incite us to do our very best to live up to expectations and wishes.

This good will toward maintaining and improvement of existing standards should, however, not be restricted to the activities of The Gleaner only. At the present, club activities, with few exceptions, have come to a period of hibernation which threatens to last at least as long as gasoline and rubber rationing. On the other hand, these club activities are more necessary now than they were at any time. These clubs have given us educational performances and features which keep us abreast of the rapid developments of the present time. Since it is impossible to secure speakers from far away, it will be necessary to make a check of those who live closer to us and who, for many reasons, feel closer to us and our school.

However, to be successful with any of our activities, be it The Gleaner, Clubs, Sports, or Dances, our reduced student body will have to stand together and participate in them 100 percent. We cannot afford to have any slackers in our midst, just as any effective unit cannot afford to have a weak spot.



DEFENSE SUGGESTION

Do a better job today than you did yesterday, wherever you are—at home, in school, in shop—begin to put some plus energy, enthusiasm, and devotion into all your work. Say to yourself, “What I have done up to now, has been for myself; from now on my plus effort will be to help make America stronger.” In this way we can all speed up America’s Defense.

—*The School Industrialist*

President's Message

Farm School seems to develop a winning spirit in the lives of the young men it trains in its classrooms and fields. This is to be expected, I suppose, for the School is in itself an indomitable spirit, representing, perhaps, the immortality of the Founder. Wars, changes in the School's administration, lack of sufficient funds—may leave their scars, or result in temporary set-backs, but they cannot stop The Farm School's forward progress.

An excellent illustration of this point I am emphasizing, is the satisfactory manner in which The Farm School has, thus far, survived a second World War. Many private schools and even some of the state institutions have been forced to drop certain classes or eliminate whole departments, or, in several instances, close up the very doors of the place. I know of training centers where there are no instructors for certain classes and other places where there are no classes for some of the instructors. But, thanks to the fact that The Farm School has a vital contribution to make in war, as well as in peace, we still survive even though we may be handicapped by a smaller enrollment.

And now the tide turns again still more in our favor. A new regulation in the Selective Service Act definitely and officially gives to farm producers the classification they should hold if they are to provide the vital commodities that our armed forces and the home front must have in order to continue the war effort to a victorious end. This places an even greater responsibility upon us to utilize to the fullest extent every acre of our land and every moment of our time. Truly we are in a struggle today that puts to the test the old Farm School slogan: "Fighting Hearts, We Can't Be Beat."



SUCCESS

It's doing your job the best you can,
And being just to your fellow man,
It's figuring how, and learning why,
And looking forward and thinking high,
And dreaming little, and doing much;
It's keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in word and deed;
It's being clean and playing fair,
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair,
It's sharing sorrow and work and mirth,
And making better this good old earth,
It's serving and striving through strain and stress,
It's doing your noblest—that's Success.

—*Skirmisher, Bordentown Military Institute*

THE HAM

By GEORGE WINDHOLZ

Pathetically he walked across the street. He did not look out for cars, or bicycles, nor for the youngsters that played baseball in the streets of our city.

He knew the way by heart. Without looking he lifted his feet to get up to the sidewalk and then the few steps to the show window. Then he used to walk up and down before it, silently looking at the big ham displayed there.

A wonderful odor would drift out of the rotating door: the sweet smell of fish and the peculiar scent of spiced sausages, which would cause anyone to develop a sudden feeling of hunger.

And now, for a week, the ham had been in the window.

He knew very well that soon old Jesse would come and bring new meat and other food for the window. The glass partition would be opened and, as always, Jesse would put the old things on the chair next to him. And there was his chance. . . .

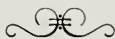
First, Jesse took out the red and blue cans, then the fish and the sausages and then he put the ham up in their stead. Finally he went inside the shop to get the new show material.

Now, only not too nervous! . . . He could not smell the ham among the many other things, but its rosy side was smiling at him with tremendous appeal. And then he could not help it any more.

With a gigantic leap he jumped at the ham, closing his hungry teeth around it. And the cardboard collapsed.

A fake! A painted ham!

His tongue hanging out and his tail between his legs, he walked back . . . The same way he came.



FACTS 'N FIGURES

Damage caused by insects has been conservatively reckoned at two billion dollars annually in the United States.

The Island of Midway is the latest one to arise out of the sea. Two plants have been found there which inhabit no other place on the globe. One is a variety of mint, and the other is a variety of the nightshade family, of which only twenty plants have been found.

This year nine million acres were put to soybeans. (54 per cent more than last year.) Soybean fibre and wool are being used in the manufacture of clothing.

Very large quantities of vitamin B₁ were found in the buds and leaves of numerous American trees by Yale University botanists.

Asparagus continues to grow after it has been cut and is en-route to the market.



To The
FOOTBALL TEAM OF 1942
WE DEDICATE THIS ISSUE

UNDEFEATED . . .
UNSCORED UPON

VICTORY SEASON

National Farm School	21	Boothwyn	0
National Farm School	20	Farmingdale	0
National Farm School	52	Boyertown	0
National Farm School	14	Malvern Prep.	0
National Farm School	13	Trenton Catholic	0
National Farm School	0	Williamson	0
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total Points Scored	120	Opponents	0

MEET THE 1942 TEAM

Albert Brunwasser (40)

Roughest, toughest mutt on the team, Bruno was in for plenty of action. Fellas on the team kept razzing him about being covered with Pittsburgh coal dust, yet he played a brand of football equal to many a college man. He was a demon on the defensive and a great pass-snatching end on the offensive, besides developing into a first-rate punter.

Many an alumnus saw, in Bruno, the great playing of his dad, who played for the "Bulldogs" in the 1920's.

Stanley Schwartz (60)

Had he not been hampered by a bad knee, Stan would probably have had himself a first-string end job. Hitting hard and a fairly good receiver, he had only to pass up the Freshman Follies to be on the road to recovery and a great season.

Stan was an ardent follower of each and every game and would have given anything to be out there with the rest of the boys.

Better luck next year, Stan.

Harold Schneidman (70)

An intellect, census taker, and an ardent reader of Freud is this student of the soil, who is noted for knowing every girl in the Philadelphia Social Register and more who aren't. Very few consider him the vicious type, but on the end, he was the best interference-stripper of them all. His undoubtedly great football career came to a sudden and disastrous stop with a knee injury which sent him limping to the Jewish Hospital. After being hurt, he never missed a practice or game and would have dressed in a crucial moment had the Coach said the word.

Elmer Shade (2)

Lee, of Conshohocken, Pa., stepped into a football uniform on his second day in Farm School and turned Coach Samuel's frown to a smile.

Standing six-foot, 5 inches, in his bare feet, this giant had only to stretch out one hand to tackle a man for a ten-yard loss.

He alternated between tackle and end, playing good football when he got mad.

Harold Weber (66)

This Bloomin' Blighter from the Bronx really had the fighting spirit in his heart and spent more time in the other team's backfield than the opponents did themselves.

He has more hair on his back than any other man has on his chest.

As a Junior and a second-floor Club room man he did all of his share to bring such a victorious season into reality.

Morris Lipeles (38)

The Milwaukee Flash was Coach Samuel's big hope in the center position. At first, however, he was a little worried with his "Problem Child" whose emotions were in reverse. The way "Moe" intercepted passes and blocked kicks made the game look more like basketball than football.

He never failed, when near the side lines, to thrill the spectators and neighbors in some razzle-dazzle play, very appropriate for his position.

Writes steadily to the girl back home, but doesn't let it cramp his style here.

One half of the combination Goldfarb-Lipeles, he received a gold football from the Alumni for being an outstanding man on the team.

Jerry Groff (23)

This man of many positions has yet to see any school or student affair with which he hasn't been connected.

The only man in Farm School's history to graduate from cheerleader to varsity regular, so great is his spirit that, after a hard-fought game of football, he would lead the Band in the National Anthem. Jerry's feminine following is quite large, and this seems to be the only factor with which at times he can't quite cope.

As a true example of "Fighting Hearts We Can't Be Beat," he instilled in every player a will to win.

Al Goodman (35)

Another one of the fat boys.

Al kept the Coach busy, wondering whether or not he would finish the game. Hailing from the great football-minded town of Canton, Ohio, "Fats" played tackle for the second year at Farm School.

He hopes that next year he will have a chance to make a touchdown and get some glory.

Al Orner (90)

Turning in his headwaiter's uniform for football togs was probably the wisest move Orner ever made in Farm School. Seemingly a nice, cheerful, rolly polly lad from Brooklyn, this zoot suit maniac turned out to be a good, fast-charging, hard-hitting, running guard. Toughest assignment of the season was giving up smoking cigarettes, but he made a great stand for the first two weeks. Al got his tackling practice in the poultry department running after the geese while Mr. Meisler tore his hair out.

Seymour Mermelstein (85)

Noted for being the slowest dresser on the team, Fats nevertheless showed the typical aggressive N. F. S. spirit once he got into the fray.

Mermel played a steady, tough game at tackle all season and had his greatest moment in the Farmingdale game when he intercepted a pass and ran for a touchdown. Only a mutt, he brought his class prestige up by playing every minute of the entire season.

Joe Milligan (75)

Joe is the only man in the history of National Farm School to have played philosophical football.

Not only as a brainy player but as a hard-charging guard, Yussel put plenty of opponents out of commission. He played an entire football season for N. F. S. and at the same time is an enlisted man in the Navy Air Corps.

His one and only regret is that he didn't have the opportunity to intercept a pass and go for a touchdown.

Seymour Freed (44)

Known as the "little terror," Freed was fast as lightning on the football field. One of the lightest men on the squad, he made up for it by his terrific speed. Coach Samuels almost lost his voice at the beginning of the season trying to get Freed to pivot and twirl, but once he caught on there was no stopping him. He took delight in coming up fast from the defense and nailing some bruising 200-pounder for a five-yard loss.

Ike Srour (55)

Ike had a tough assignment to fill when he stepped into the fullback position, having played little football before coming to school. Yet, he did everything that was expected of him and more. He was a hard-charging plunger and a vicious tackler. In years to come, he probably will make a good quarterback.

The only time he got down to the locker room on time was the day the photographer took the pictures of this year's team. But don't let him fool you, he is just as aggressive with the women, as he is on the football field.

Jeff Steinman (88)

Jeff spent so much time running in and out of the ball games that by the time the game came around to the fourth quarter, he had to be given a rubdown to keep his legs in motion. He played surprisingly good football for a mutt, and will undoubtedly develop into a good passer as well as a good runner.

Jeff will probably go back to Brooklyn and tell the gals how he made 25 touchdowns and completed 90% of his passes.

Martin Lynn (22)

Hailing from Bethlehem in the Dutch country, Lynn was the smartest freshman on the squad in the eyes of the Coach. He acquired the reserve quarterback position despite his diminutiveness. He is noted for being one of the first in his class to know a girl from Doylestown.

Marty got his chances in the Boothwyn, Farmingdale and Boyertown games and proved his capabilities. To find him, just go to the G. A. Dep't. and look for a mutt on a tractor.

Paul Schwartz (33)

"Yawsah, Mister Meisler," was all you could hear, but if you looked closely you would probably see a large pair of shoes in Charley Chaplin style. Inside of the shoes was this little southerner, who thought every football game was another Civil War and was out to get "them Yankees." Small as he was, Rebel was probably the fastest man on the squad and the fourth member of the tiny-mite backfield.

Rebel hopes to teach his chickens how to carry their eggs down to the egg room to save him the time of collecting them.

Leon Goldfarb (77)

Hail the champ! Not enough can be said in praise of this year's captain, quarterback and star from Liberty, N. Y.

One day, about two and one-half years ago, Goldie stepped off the train, pivoted and twirled his way to the dining hall and said: "When does football season start?"

Goldie's stardom came to a peak when, this past fall, he led the team through an undefeated season.

We are all sure that with his fighting spirit and stout heart, Goldie will go on to greater heights in days to come.

A job well done.



“MIRACLE AGGREGATION”

By Coach S. B. SAMUELS

This undefeated, unscored upon football team can justly be referred to as the “Miracle Aggregation.” It is needless to mention that prospects for a season so successful were not very bright when one looks back upon prevailing conditions previous to the season’s opening.

At the start of practice the varsity playing squad numbered nineteen men, and before these sessions were very long under way, three of these individuals were lost to the squad due to injuries, leaving sixteen men as representing the group to play out the games scheduled for the season. Six of these were lettermen, but the remainder were composed of freshmen and upper classmen who had no previous football experience.

In spite of these evident handicaps, the entire group, from the first day of practice, showed a very fine competitive spirit and enthusiastic desire to make this season a success. This could not be achieved without the necessary assistance from a small band of scrubs who, in spite of bumps and bruises, willingly sacrificed themselves to the practice program which was necessary in order that the varsity might have contact work with these scrub players.

In order to minimize the possibility of injuries, considerable time was given to the practice of blocking and tackling every day. The successful mastering of these two fundamental football factors prevented many injuries which usually occur during the season.

The most important factors leading to the success of this aggregation were the splendid inspirational leadership of Captain Leon Goldfarb, the squad spirit in general, and the very alert and intelligent reaction of the men to situations that developed during a game. These boys were real opportunists, and due to the wide-awake and competitive spirit, which always prevailed at critical stages of the game, they were successful in blocking more opponent’s punts and intercepting more opponent’s passes than any team of previous years.

The student body is also to be complimented for its splendid spirit in the support of their team.

All these factors combined resulted in the successful execution of the playing schedule, especially when considering the games were played against opponents who had squads of approximately thirty men or more.

It was a pleasure to coach this group of boys and the results obtained further enrich the splendid traditions of Farm School football teams.

SPORT SHORTS

By CHARLESWORTH and D. GOODMAN

Basketball Outlook:

At the time this crystal gazing takes place, only a few facts are possible to be written. Lettermen from last year's team who will form the nucleus for this season's team are Captain Charlesworth, Moe Lipeles and Dick Raben. Undoubtedly there will be an advancement of some former scrubs to this year's varsity, and also some up-and-coming Freshmen, who probably have a few tricks up their sleeves.

This year's competition is bound to be as stiff as ever, and there is no logical reason for not having a season as good or better than the team of 1942.

The spirit of the student body is a necessity in any sport, but the confined area of a basketball court makes it even more effective. Let's carry our spirit from the football season through the basketball season.

Achievement:

We've just finished the most successful football season in the history of Farm School. The "Bulldogs" have had undefeated seasons before, but never one, unscored upon. A record, such as the Farmers had, brings up many questions, the main one being: Why? What did this year's team have that previous teams didn't have?

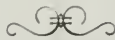
First: We had a good team. Not just one good player with a team behind him, but eleven good men playing as a unit. A unit that wouldn't and couldn't be beaten.

Second: We had a well-coached team. In our opinion, Sam Samuels is still the best in the business.

Third: There was the help of the scrubs and managers, both wanted the team to be a success, and both gave everything they had for the eleven.

Last: I think most important of all, the team and the school had the OLD Farm School spirit of, "Fighting Hearts, We Can't Be Beat." There was more noise from the stands with our few undergraduates than there has been in past years with many more students. The Band helped a lot, they played well, and they played loud, a fact that every one appreciated.

The spirit of the season even carried into the Freshmen-Junior game. Although both teams played as hard as they could, it was one of the cleanest affairs of its kind to be played at N. F. S. Congratulations go to both teams on that score.



Brunwasser: Who was the lady
I saw you with at that sidewalk
cafe last night?

Schniedman: That was no cafe,
that was our furniture.

Neighbor: Oh Moe, I want you,
and you alone.

Moe: O. K. give your kid brother
two bits.

THE MAN

By JACK GUREWITZ

This year for the first time in Farm School history a Farm School football team went through a season unbeaten and unscored upon. Due credit was awarded the football players and rightly so, but behind the power and strategy of the Farm School team stood a lone solitary figure.

This individual has been coaching Farm School teams for nigh on 20 years and has seen good and bad teams come and go—yet his interest in Farm School football and in the boys as a whole goes on unabated. It was he who returned again after an unsuccessful 1941 season with his faith in Farm School boys still high to mold men almost virtually inexperienced in football into a powerful, intelligent machine, the equal of which Farm School has rarely seen.

It was this man, with no help whatsoever, with his understanding of youth, his explosive temper, and above all, his faith in youth, who has made Farm School a name to remember in the Football Annals of 1942.

We are sure that the football team and all those who attended the Monday afternoon meetings will never forget his quaint phraseology, the way he “bawled out” players guilty of misdemeanors and the way he delved into the minds of his men to really see what bothered them and hindered their playing. His criticisms were perhaps a little severe, but they were frank and sincere; and always for the player’s benefit. It seems that all his dealings with Farm School boys are in the same vein.

To all of us who know him and deeply appreciate his vigor, frankness, and sincerity, he remains everlastingly Samuel B. Samuels.



WILLIAMSON AND BULLDOGS TIE 0-0

The Bulldogs finished their “Victory” season by playing Williamson to a scoreless tie. The season ended with the Aggies scoring 120 points to their opponents’ “0.”

The Williamson game was a tough one all the way. Both teams were looking for blood, and both got it. An obstacle for the farmers was a field that looked like a Commando training course.

In the second quarter Williamson made their only threat. One

man broke to the clear and was running for a touchdown, when Capt. Goldfarb made a flying tackle, stopping the runner, but breaking his own nose in the process.

Another highlight of the game was Albert Brunwasser’s kicking. He did his outstanding kicking of the season and that’s pretty good.

It was gratifying to note the large number of Farm School fans who came to watch their team finish a very successful season.

MUTTS DEFEAT SPIRITED JUNIORS 26-12

The Mutts blitzed the Juniors and spectators by opening the game with a reverse on the kickoff from Moritz to Holtzman, who ran 65 yards for the touchdown. Ralph Moritz plunged over for the extra point.

The Mutts then kicked off and recovered the ball on the Junior's 40-yard line. From there, with steady gains around the ends and through the middle of the line, the Freshmen marched to the 5-yard line, where speedy Marty Lynn hit pay dirt standing up on a cut back off tackle. The try for the extra point failed.

Then with a resolute about face, the Juniors, featuring the hard running of Dick Raben, marched from their own forty to the Mutts' one-foot line, where Dick crashed his way through to score. The kick for the extra point was low and wide. After an exchange of kicks, the half ended with the Juniors in possession of the ball.

At this point both teams left for their locker rooms to receive pointers and inspiration from Coaches Goldfarb and Milligan.

The third period featured the Juniors who started where they left off, by traveling from mid-field on end sweeps by spunky Jack Gurewitz and line plays by Raben, which ended in a beautiful run from the Mutts' 35-yard line by Raben. The conversion was incomplete.

The Freshmen, afraid of their

one-point lead, gave the ball to Kantor, Lynn, and Brown, who took it to the 3-yard line, where Ralph Moritz, on a tricky play, took it over for the tally. Try for extra point failed.

With one minute left to play, the Juniors punted to the Freshmen's 20-yard line. On the first play, Marty Lynn, with excellent blocking, scampered 80 yards for the final touchdown of the game. Holtzman made the extra point on a long right end sweep.

This game was by far the most open football game played this year, due largely to the expert offensive coaching of "Goldie" for the Mutts, and Milligan for the Juniors.

The line-up:

Freshmen		Juniors
Dannenberg	L. E.	J. Cohen
Handlesman	L. T.	Goldoftas
Gerson	L. G.	Kaslove
Lewitus	C.	Nabut
Messing	R. G.	Kustin
Schwefel	R. T.	Lieber
Sprachner	R. E.	Zinader
Holtzman	L. H.	Gurewitz
Lynn	R. H.	Goodman
Moritz	Q. B.	Raben
Brown	F. B.	Rubin

Subs — Freshmen: Pintauro, Lakin, Trachtenberg, Kurland, Scharf, Kanter.

Subs—Juniors: Weis, Waldman.

GAGRICULTURE

By HARRY PAUL and TOM HENDRICKS



Mr. Antonioli: Goldpaint, you entered this credit on the debit side.

Benny: I can't help it, I'm left handed.

* * *

Goldfarb: Let's cut Farm Management today.

Hendricks: Can't, I need the sleep.

* * *

Freed: What was all the noise just now?

Kustin: Weber fell down the steps with a quart of gin.

Freed: Did he spill any?

Kustin: No, he kept his mouth shut.

* * *

Housewife: You should be ashamed to be seen begging in this town!

Hobo: I ain't proud, lady, I've seen worse.

* * *

Two ants were running at great speed along a cracker box.

"Why are we going so fast," asked one?

"Don't you see," replied the other, "it says, 'tear along the dotted line'."

A Nazi Storm Trooper was driving his superior officer to an important meeting when he ran over a dog and killed it. His officer ordered him to go into the house and tell the owner that he was sorry.

A few minutes later the trooper returned with his arms full of food, and schnapps, and told his officer that the woman in the house had given them to him.

"Wasn't she angry?" the officer asked.

"No, sir," he said, "and I can't understand it."

"What did you say to her?" the officer asked.

"All I said, Herr Capitan, was: 'Heil Hitler, the dog is dead'."

* * *

Ike: I can speak three languages.

Jeff: Yeah, Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Bronx.



INVITATION TO A DANCE

You don't have to be pretty,
Nor witty,
Nor smart.
Know anything about art.

You can come under one condition:
Not that you have to dance;
But you gotta—intermission.

THE MURDER

By T. GOLDOFTAS

We had travelled a long distance in an unknown, or rather, a little known country. My friend and I were tired, and we were wondering whether or not we would find a house or a shelter in which to sleep before darkness would cover the earth.

Although the landscape was wonderful, we did not even think of looking at the beautiful mountains crowned with snow and white clean clouds. We had one thing in mind: to find a shelter for the night.

Night had come, but we were still going forward. We were desperate, when suddenly my friend shouted: "There's a light." Yes, indeed, there was a light. We were lucky. We soon reached the house and, after knocking at the door, we entered a warm room.

The owners of the house did not look very sympathetic. The man was tall and thin, with a black beard, several days old. His hair was black and so were his eyebrows. In his belt he had a long knife with an ivory handle. His wife was as fat as he was thin, with a permanent smile engraved on the face. She invited us to sit down and served us a good healthy meal. She kept on talking, telling us how tired we were and how anxious we must have been to find a house. The man did not speak and kept watching closely, one hand on the ivory handle of his knife. We were served wine, good wine, and my friend became happy and started telling our hosts who we were, where we were coming from and that we had some money with us. At that last remark I saw the man make a move. I understood that we were in a fine mess.

Kindly our hostess told us that if we wished to take a rest, she had our beds ready. I thanked her and, after a last glance at our hosts, and at the guns and swords hanging on the wall, we went upstairs.

The room was some kind of stock-room. Two beds with white sheets were awaiting us. Hams were hanging on strings, and also sausages. Some onions in a basket stood on the side. She bid us good night, closed the door and I heard her steps go down the stairs.

My friend was very sleepy and fell down on a bed and slept. I could not close my eyes. I knew that our lives were in danger. Why did my friend have to tell them that we had money? Here, in an unknown country, far from any help.

I did not sleep all the night. Around five o'clock in the morning nothing had happened, and I was starting to believe that my alarm was useless and that, after all, these people might not be robbers. I was still thinking about that when suddenly I heard a slight noise downstairs. I held my breath. I nearly fainted when I heard somebody come up the stairs. The door opened slowly and carefully: I felt a cold sweat on my forehead when I saw in the man's hand that same knife with an ivory handle. He stopped for a moment, then asked: "Shall I get them both?"

The answer came in a whisper: "No, only the closest one."

My friend, closest to the door, was lying with his naked throat uncovered, just ready to be slaughtered. The man's hand moved forward, and the shine of the cold blade left me breathless.

I did not know what to do. To scream would be to hasten the end of my friend's life, and also mine, and was there any use to do so, when we were so far away from everybody?

Slowly, but surely, he lifted his hand and cut the closest Ham.



FARMERS GO TO TOWN

By JOHN HELLER

Coasting down to the City of
Brotherly Love,
On a thimble full of gas,
Go The Hort slaves of the Senior
Class.

After a season of Toil
The Men of the Soil
Go to the Land of Plenty.

Out from the sticks,
Like a bunch of hicks;
Without a bit of shame,
Whistling at every dame.

Through the County of Bucks,
Oak Lane,
Of Patrician fame
To the street of hard knocks.



You can have for penny
Not one but many,
Beautiful pineapples, grapefruits,
grapes,
Avocado, Persimmons, Pome-
granates.

"Hello Sam,
How much do you sell Joe Bloe's
potatoes for?"
"Half a buck,
No use giving that jerk-farmer
more."

Where through desperation,
The farmer forced to cooperation
Puts out a nice pack,
They sell for couple bucks a sack.

That's the way they are sold
In order to mold
Oak Lane and Dock Street.

The bridge is a fancy store
Where people pay for food,
Although it is good,
More than galore.

But maybe thousand years hence,
The farmer will get some sense,
His burden will be lighter than a
feather.

Of course what I said is silly,
For it is too damn hard to pull
together.

EPISODE ROMANTIQUE

By U. H. SCHOENBACH

(Plot By Shakespeare)

There once was a young man, named Red,
Who was innocent and well bred.
He was timid and shy;
But didn't know why—
And always went early to bed.

One day came a letter, signed "Kate,"
Inviting him down for a date.
So his mother said: "Son,
Go ahead, have some fun—
You'd better before it's too late!"

Thus it follows, a couple days later,
That Red went to Kath'rine to date her.
He stopped at her house
And felt like a mouse—
And wished he could hide in a crater.

But suddenly Red got a shock,
For the door opened 'ere he could knock,
And he scarcely believed
What there he perceived—
In a heavenly blue satin frock!!

She spoke; and the exquisite shine
Of her sparkling white teeth was divine,
As a blood-freezing chill
With a wonderful thrill—
Together raced clear down his spine.

"Oh, Reds, I'm so glad that you've come;
I'm all by myself here at home!
So please, be not shy—
'Cause, you know, you and I—
We can have a swell time.—Don't be dumb!!

Thereupon the two entered and sat,
And were silent for ten minutes flat—
Until Katie said: "Nooh,
Is this all we can do?"
To which Red answered: "Oh, I know what!"

Then he took out a volume of prose,
Assuming a nonchalant pose,
He reclined in his chair
And was quite unaware—
That she wrinkled her cute little nose.

This went on for an hour, or more—
Until Katherine really got sore.
In her frenzy she rose,
And to him came sooo—close . . .

Ed. Note: The last line of the ninth stanza, as well as the tenth, eleventh and twelfth stanzas have been censored.



FACTS 'N FIGURES

By RAY SOLOMON

Bamboo is the most universally used plant. No category of human needs can be mentioned that bamboo can not supply. Food, weapons, baskets, containers, bridges, conduction pipes, paper, cable and ornaments. Bamboo tablets, strung together like a fan, contain the Chinese History in fifteen different classic works with more than 100,000 seal characters. Bamboo framework on apartment buildings, can detonate a bomb, so that it explodes before hitting the building.

Until recently Spain has supplied us with all the cork we needed. But when we stopped receiving cork from abroad a substitute had to be found. and as the saying goes, "Necessity is the mother of invention." The fibers remaining in cane sugar after the sap has been extracted is processed, and the result is a stronger, cheaper, and heat resistant "ersatz cork." Asphalt is added in processing.



NORMAN MYERS

"Hey, Norm, a pipe just burst at No. 3, can you come right over?"

"Yo, Norm, I need twelve panes of glass cut in an hour. See whether you can get them for me, will ya?"

"Norm, can you come down to the New Brooder this morning and get that new set of wires installed?"

Called on from a dozen different sources at one and the same time, and expected to accomplish as many tasks as are pushed upon him all at once, Norman Myers is indeed a busy man. A master of all trades, "Norm," is particularly adept at reconditioning obsolete buildings and equipment. Indeed he seemed to be endowed with a "Midas Touch" on the job he did on the No. 3 barn. In a few short months, the old broken-down barn was completely modernized. With space for fifty head of cattle, a new silo, and cement walks in place of the old muddy yards, it is now almost a model barn.

Anyone assigned to work with Norman considers himself truly fortunate, for after his two weeks of work with him, the student is a veritable encyclopedia of carpentry.

Patience is Norman's middle name. He will listen to all requests and complaints with the same interested air, and always send the complainant on his way well satisfied. His vibrant, electric personality springs from a pool of fathomless energy that enables him to accomplish the terrific amount of work thrust upon him.

But, despite the work that is forever pressing upon him, Norm is never too busy to exchange a jovial word or two with the boys, or to indulge in a little horseplay at dinner time. It is this last trait that endears him to the hearts of the students, and all the others that make him indispensable to the school.

At present Norm's evenings are just as busy as his days. He was asked to take on the job of assistant instructor of the O. S. Y. evening courses, and in his usual co-operative manner he agreed to spend his evenings for the welfare of the farmers of his community. He teaches machinery repair, forging, and welding.

So to a man who gets little thanks for the miracles that he accomplishes as part of his daily routine, our hats go off in appreciative tribute. Norm will undoubtedly be too busy to acknowledge the salute.



If you Poultry boys want to know just what all that cackling means when you rob the hens of her eggs, just look it up in "Dictionary of the Hen Language," by Schmid.

TOWARD BETTER LIVING

By U. SCHOENBACH

The world is never at a standstill. If this fact is realized during the most harmonious peacetimes, how much more evident is it in the eventful days of our present conflict.

American farmers have played an important part in the ups and downs of our ever-progressing civilization. From historical facts and figures, we can easily conclude that agricultural problems spring up with even more severity immediately following a world-wide state of emergency than during it.

Therefore, in trying to obtain a clear view of their problems, modern farmers look ahead, beyond the coming spectacular years, to ask themselves, "After the war, where do we stand?"

It seems to me, that little bits of fundamental socialism have been developing throughout the world gradually. At present, such things as communal living and communal education, as well as cooperative production, cooperative marketing and cooperative consumption of commodities have been and are constantly gaining popularity and use among the people of modern society.

With such evidence pointing bluntly toward coming trends of life, America's farmers are today given the tools with which to con-

struct the shock-absorbing "post-war" measures of tomorrow.

It is the duty of those, who can already see these trends clearly, to work toward a definite goal and help others to crystallize their various petty troubles into one large, easily solved problem; be it a question of production, marketing, bargaining, processing, or consumption.

An example of what farmers are doing now with the marketing problem, concerning both its present and future aspects, is the Equitable Food Distributing Conference of Pennsylvania, a group organized by all the food-producing cooperatives of this state. They got together with the leading mass distributing agencies and are now working on a reciprocal program for the most direct and efficient distribution of foodstuffs from the producer to the consumer.

Projects, such as this, are not merely dreams. They have been tried out again and again in all phases of industry and agriculture—and they work. More and more farmers are being educated and getting interested in the cooperative way of doing things as a forestallment of postwar problems and, what's more, as a philosophy of life.



UNCLE AB SAYS:

One of the compensations of the war is that we won't be able to buy a lot of things we never needed.

—*Central High School, Detroit, Mich.*

CAMPUS NEWS

FRESHMAN DANCE

The first dance carried through by the Freshman Class was held in our gym on November 7th, 1942. Informality was the order of the day and this spirit was evident in the decoration of the gym. Bales of hay served for seats; light shone through the features of twenty pumpkins, and refreshments were served from an old wagon.

The big surprise of the evening came when, by means of an ingenious system rigged up by Leon Sherman, the lights in the pumpkins dimmed until they were almost out, so that old-fashioned moving pictures could be shown. A real hay-ride was held Sunday morning.

Despite the limited size of the attendance, this Freshman Barn Dance proved to be one of the most enjoyable of its kind.

CO-OP DANCE

A barn dance was held in our gym Friday evening, November 20, by the Doylestown Consumer Co-op. Music in real country style was served up by the Wonder Valley Ranch Boys, of Chalfont, Pa. Having our neighbors here tended to cement the already friendly relations which exist between us.

The Freshman Class was reimbursed by the Co-op for cleaning the gym in preparation for the dance. Refreshments were provided and everybody had a swell time at a barn dance which, for once, was really a barn dance, and nothing less.

THANKSGIVING DINNER

Many pleasant impressions are still with us, as we think back to our enjoyable Thanksgiving dinner, held on November 25.

The customary turkey plate made a hit with faculty and students alike, who were assembled in the gay, informal atmosphere of the Lasker Hall dining room. If some of us had to wait a while for our meal, it just helped us acquire a greater appetite.

In addition, two special appetizers were held in store for us. First, Miss Beverly Ingham held us spellbound with several beautifully delivered songs, provoking endless cheers. The second surprise was Jake Cohen's singing. As a result of the tremendous applause, his efforts rose to a maximum, and he practically lost his voice.

Dr. Allen took the dinner as an occasion to introduce to us formally Dr. Sweeney, who now has the nerve-racking job of being Farm School's physician in addition to his regular post as Mayor of Doylestown.

Although he claimed to be no speech maker, he left us with some very appropriate thoughts on Thanksgiving in World War II. He concluded his remarks with a reminder to any potential hypochondriacs, that they would only be wasting their own time in coming to the infirmary with unimportant petty troubles.

The group singing, which ran throughout the program was suc-

cessfully led by Mr. H. Fiesser who terminated the evening with our School Song and The National Anthem.

DOG SHOW AT N. F. S.

Usually there were several hundred dogs on exhibition when the Bucks County Kennel Association held its show on N. F. S. grounds. But like so many other things, war conditions changed this.

When the Association met on November 29th only 40 to 50 of "man's best friend," were on show. In addition to heavy rain, gas and tire rationing made it impossible for most of its members to come. Nevertheless N. F. S. boys got a good look at some wonderful specimens including a giant St. Bernard, Irish Wolfhounds, French Poodles, and most of the well-known breeds.

But the Grand Champion? Just a simple little Boxer.

BAND

By the time this article comes out the Band will have presented its own unique rendition of "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," and several new marches. We also will have commenced twice a week practices in order to whip into shape these new numbers for the Basketball games.

We are looking forward to the Basketball season as another chance for us to show our stuff. In the Gym we shall sound louder and better than ever before.

CLASSES

SENIORS

Now that we have finally settled down to our classwork, our extra-curricular activities have dwindled down to one main activity—that of preparing our Senior Yearbook for print. All the jobs necessary for the success of the book are well under control, and our business staff may be heard every day saying over and over again:

The saddest words of tongue or pen

Perhaps may be "It might have been,"

But sweetest words we know by heck,

Are simply these "enclosed find check."

JUNIORS

Since the seniors have gone to classes, the juniors have taken over the work in the different departments.

We juniors hope to continue the very good example the seniors gave us, and we shall try our best to keep the work going on just as before.

Our football practice has come to an end with the Freshman-Junior game. The game was a hard one and our little squad did a very fine job, and played a game with plenty of fight.

Tire restrictions may put the whole country back on its feet.

—*Cornell Countryman*

FRESHMEN

Stan Schwartz, President; Marty Lynn, Vice-President; Al Appel, Secretary; Al Holtzman, Treasurer; and Dan Pintauro, Sergeant at Arms, are the officers of the class at the present time. Meetings have been held regularly, and the class has established an enviable record during the past several months.

The Juniors were defeated in the Annual Freshman-Junior Football Game. We succeeded also in pulling off one of the nicest little informal dances held in school during the past few years.

The only thing we might not look back upon with pleasure is the blanket banishment issued by Mr. Silverman of the Roadside Market.

DEPARTMENTS

DAIRY

During the last few weeks the Dairy department has been quietly recuperating from the acute milk shortage that had faced the School early in November. It seems that everybody rather liked the change to chocolate milk in the Dining Hall during that brief period.

Our new maternity barn is receiving its final touches by the hands of the seniors, who are constructing feed bins and a medicine general utility cabinet.

At present we are milking almost ninety cows, and we hope to bring up our daily milk production to the former level of 1500 pounds very soon.

POULTRY

With the last few birds finally removed from the range and put in the laying houses, we are now preparing the range for next year's stock. Rye and timothy are being seeded at the rate of 7 lbs. per acre. In March intentions are to seed the entire range to a leguminous crop, such as red clover.

Due to the shortage of animal

by-products, our laying mash contains no fish meal, but runs high in soybean oil meal, and low in meat scraps.

The two semi-monitor houses have been modified to shed-type construction and laying birds have been housed in them.

We are now trapnesting eight different breeds and varieties of chickens to determine their egg-producing qualities.

HORTICULTURE

The apple harvest was concluded with the picking of most of the dropped fruits, which was sold in big shipments for cider and apple-butter.

With the arrival of real cold weather, the late vegetables were harvested and stored away. The work schedule for the winter season was started and is well under way. Pruning will be done only slightly this season, due to the shortage of help.

During their class section, the Hort Seniors built two additional tubs to facilitate the pressing of cider. A combination copper wire

screen and cheesecloth strainer will help to reduce the amount of sediment in the apple juice. A large and sturdy brush sled will help to clean the orchards from prunings. In the spring transplanting, a multi-row marker will greatly cut down the time usually spent in transplanting young seedlings into the hotbeds.

GENERAL AGRICULTURE

This year, only 50 acres of land was planted in wheat. Of this 50, 15 acres was planted with a new and better variety, "Thorne Wheat," adapted to this part of the country.

40 acres of land were planted in barley.

Due to the war situation, a fertilizer containing no nitrogen (0-14-7) was used in planting these grain crops.

The corn is now being husked with our two-row corn husking machine. To enable the machine to work efficiently the headlands are being husked by hand by the detail boys.

The tractors and most of the machinery are being overhauled by the fellows in classes.

Home barn has undergone thorough changes. The floors of the horse stalls all have been filled in with wooden blocks, and the yard leading to the watering trough has

been filled in with cement, putting the horse barn in A-1 shape.

FLORICULTURE

During the summer months, both No. 2 and No. 3 greenhouses were completely reglazed and repainted. This much-needed improvement has been contemplated for some time, and was finally accomplished this year. In addition to this, new tubes were installed in the boiler.

The big fall crop of chrysanthemums is almost finished. They produced very well, under the circumstances. The glass was out of the houses for a period of six weeks during rainy weather. The 'mums will be followed by the following winter and spring crops: snapdragons, stocks, calendulas, larkspur, sweet peas, cinerarias, and geraniums.

The carnation crop is coming into production and will continue to produce until next May.

The hydrangeas have been stored away in the coldframe until January, when they'll be brought into the houses to be forced for Easter.

Calla lilies are also in production.

At present the greenhouses are in excellent condition and, after we get pipe supports for the ends of the beds, the department will be able to resort to normal operation.

In the past, millions of gallons of milk were discarded because they were contaminated by the cows' consumption of garlic, onions, and other foul-smelling weeds. Today these repulsive tastes and odors are removed by adding white oil and stirring the mixtures. After standing awhile, the oil, which has absorbed the particles of fat containing the offensive substances, is poured off.

ALUMNI COLUMN

By JOACHIM WEIS

To keep in line with the spirit of this issue, we want to present to you, the man, who is indirectly responsible for it, our warmly admired coach, athletic director, and generally, father of our bodily health, at the same time heart and soul of all the Alumni, the *Alumnus par excellence*, Samuel B. Samuels. It's going to be a picture little known by most of you: "Babe," as seen through the eyes of one of his classmates, in his Senior year here in school back in 1921.

"Babe" Samuels came to Farm School in September, 1918, and since he and his Alma Mater have become very close friends, he is now writing a page of its history.

Samuels had not been here a month, when he was defending our colors on the gridiron as a sub end of the '19 Varsity football team. During the Freshman-Junior game Coach James Work spotted him as the future Varsity quarterback.

In his Junior year, Samuels lived up to the Coach's expectations and proved himself one of the best quarterbacks Farm School ever had. During this same year he held other responsible positions, as Vice-President of the A. A. and advertising manager of the Gleaner.

"Babe" is captain of the Varsity baseball team this year, and we all know that his untiring efforts will not be spent in vain. Our team cannot but be successful with him as its leader.

The A. A. also is progressing rapidly due to his efforts as president. He represents this organization in the school council and is athletic editor for the Gleaner.

"In the Farm School Hall of Fame the name of Samuel B. Samuels shall have a place among those who wrote the pages of the history of their beloved Alma Mater." Prophetic words, which were to come true beyond the expectations of any of his classmates.

Many of our Alumni, old and young, followed our successful football season with eager and warm interest and as a token of appreciation and tradition, they sponsored a wonderful Victory Football Banquet for both the team and the scrubs. And here is what they think of us (quoted from the "Alumni Gleanings"):

. . . This is no exaggeration: "If the Student Body and the Football Squad were entrusted with the winning of the war, the war would be over in short order!"

Thanks grads! We'll try to keep up our tradition of "Fighting Hearts, We Can't Be Beat!"

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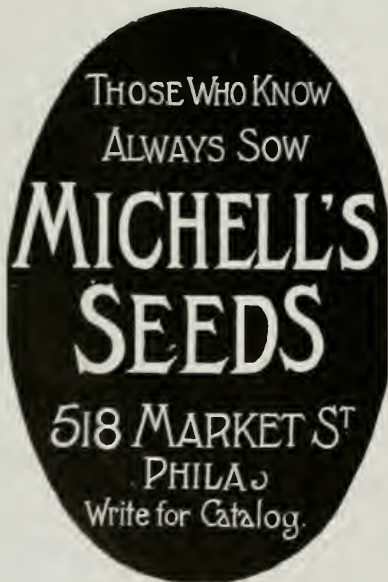
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